

T H E

S E Q U E L

O F

A R M S and the M A N:

A

New Historical BALLAD.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. W E B B, near St. *Paul's*, 1746.

(Price Sixpence.)

INDEX



THE AUTHOR'S
DECLARATION.

WHEREAS, after the laudable Example of many great and sober Clerks, I have collected with vast Pains, (from Hearsay, Whisper, Circumstance, private Intelligence, and publick News Papers) many choice Materials, for the Publication of a Secret History of the present unnatural Commotions, according to the Manner of that learned Clerk, Divine, and Historian, Bishop *Burnet*. But having often heard it uttered from the Mouths of a Multitude of judicious Criticks and others, that those Memoirs were fitter, and better adapted for the Harmony of Numbers, than the harsh and untuneful Cadence of prosaical Narrations. Now, to obviate this Exception and Sarcastm, from being cast upon my Performance; be pleased to note, gentle Reader, that what his should have been, mine is, *viz. A Song*. And altho' I may not boast like unto his grave Editor, to have copied, excelled, or equalled *Thuanus*; yet I do aver to have always the Bishop in my Eye, more especially
where

where he calleth upon his God to witness unto the Truth of whatever he shall be pleased to assert, as I in like Manner do, to the best of my Knowledge. Furthermore I do most heartily recommend these my Labours, unto the Patronage of all Persons of Spirit and Genius; unto whom be it known by these Presents, that the Works of the Learned, like unto the Actions of the Great, should be judged by their Peers. The first Part of this Historical Ballad, which came forth under the Title of *Arms and the Man*, I gave only to a few of my Friends; it has since been printed from an incorrect Copy, without my Knowledge, Privity, or Consent; which is the Occasion of this my Apology for Printing what I never intended to print.



T H E

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S E Q U E L, &c.

I.

YE *Whigs* sing *Te Deum*, ye *Jacobites* fret;
There's excellent News in the *London Gazette*:
That stripling Invader, the young Chevalier,
Is gone back to the *North* with a Flea in his Ear.

II.

Great *William* advances, the Rebels retreat ;
Had the Dastards stood still, they had surely been beat:
Such Wonders were never perform'd in this Isle,
The illustrious Youth has retaken *Carlisle*.

III.

III.

He his Courage derives from a valorous Stock,
 And is a true Chip of the G^{erman} O^{ld} B^{ush}:
 For so noble a Siege, all that's needful he got,
 And they wanted for nothing but Powder and Shot.

IV.

What Muse with such Glory shall dare to keep Pace,
 Strike a Medal in Gold, and reflect his sweet Face;
 We never deserv'd such a Prince of our own,
 Prepare ye great Artists your Canvass and Stone.

V.

With green Laurels crown'd, and immortal Renown;
 In Triumph return'd, he revisits the Town;
 All his Battles refights, all his Labours renews,
 And of mighty Exploits brings himself the first News.

VI.

When the Scots, like *Antæus*, retouch'd their own Earth,
 Their Courage and Vigour reviv'd to new Birth;
 Unconscious of Flight, they redoubled such Blows
 As proclaim'd they were only aham'd of their Foes.

VII.

VII.

The Flannel-cloath'd Troops were so stunn'd with Surprise,
 With the Rain and the Hail and the Wind in their Eyes;
 They fled with great Fear, and the Weather struck blind,
 And left all their Cannon and Baggage behind.

VIII.

O *Hawley*, O *Falkirk*! Confusion and Shame,
 Is the Fault in the Troops, or is *Heaven* to blame;
Preston-Pans led the Van, says that furly old Blade,
 And *Clifton* too boasts of a late Ambuscade.

IX.

Great *William* who is of his Army the Soul,
 To govern, direct, guide, and actuate the Whole;
 On whose Crest sits fell Terror and horrid Dismay,
 Dispatches his Name, and recovers the Day.

X.

Again they retreat, again *Brunswick* pursues,
 Pray tell me, ye *Whigs*, is not this joyful News;
 Had you trusted in *Heaven*, you'd been left in the Lurch,
 Then e'en discontinue the P-----rs of the C-----.

XI.

XI.

With the Speed of a Stag, to the Mountains they hie,
 But Rumour's a Jilt, that delights in a Lye;
 Like the *Parthian* they fly, then with Caution pursue,
 For a *Scotchman* dare fight, give the *Devil* his due.

XII.

Now sing not a Triumph till Victory's got,
 Nor make a new Law for the hanging a *Scot*;
 Many Things may fall out 'twixt the Cup and the Lip,
 And no Mortal knows where a H----- may slip,

F I N I S.

